

# INDIANS AT • WORK



• MARCH 15, 1936 •

A NEWS SHEET FOR INDIANS  
AND THE INDIAN SERVICE

• OFFICE • OF • INDIAN • AFFAIRS •  
WASHINGTON, D.C.







## I N D I A N S   A T   W O R K

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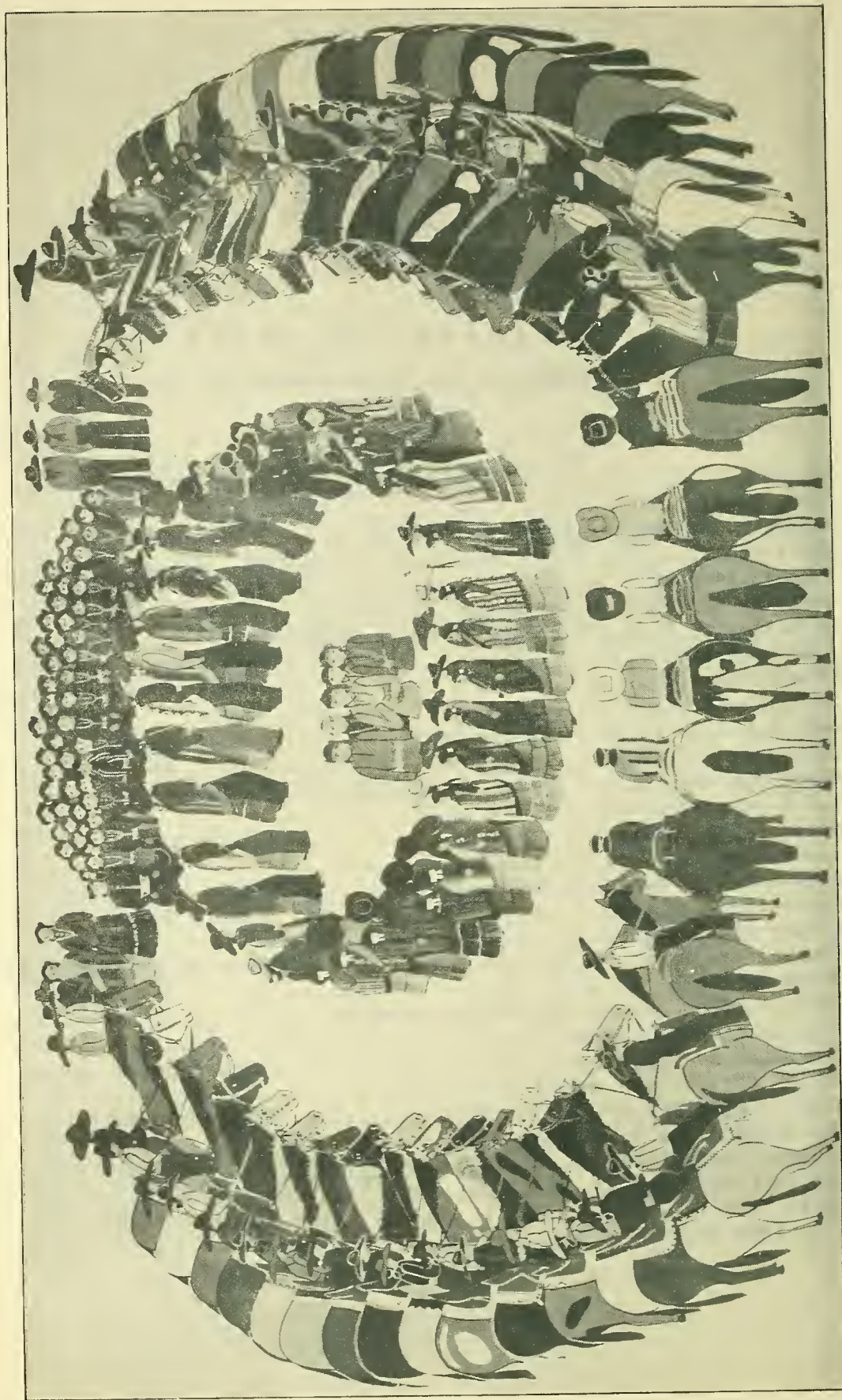
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NAVAJO NA-DA-A



By Sybil Yazzie - Santa Fe Indian School



# · INDIANS AT WORK ·

A News Sheet for Indians  
and the Indian Service

· VOLUME III ·      · MARCH 15, 1936 ·      · NUMBER 15 ·

In Maeterlinck's play, "The Blind", a Voice speaks from amid the giant oak-boles on the darkened stage: "The reign of the old men is nearly over."

Maeterlinck's reference was not political; he was not proclaiming the demise of kings or of ancient institutions. Not old beliefs, old traditions, old ways, and not ancient Mother Nature who creates the future as well as the past.

Rather it was the old men of Philistia that he was referring to: to that dominion of shallow intellect, of shallow, wordly, calculating prudence, which holds in its grip the consciousness and the behavior of most of the adult people in our generation. Maeterlinck believed that the human spirit would not consent to remain permanently under such a dominion.

When "The Blind" was written (shortly before 1890) it seemed, to those who understood Maeterlinck's message, that shallow



intellect and shallow prudence had achieved a kind of order in the world - even if a sad order - and would be able to maintain it. True, they had outlawed the wilderness, they had outlawed the child's own part of childhood, they had outlawed beauty and had banished alike the storms of the soul and the voiceless deeps of the soul. But they had ordered the world. Hope for a less-sad order lay in the ever-oncoming generations of childhood; but generation by generation, childhood was perishing into that ordered world reigned over by the "old men" of shallow intellect and of shallow prudence.

Then the world-perspective changed. The World War came, and with it and following it, the destruction and terror which have widened to the present hour and are widening yet. The ordered world was seen to be not ordered at all; the shallow intellect and shallow prudence which had seemed to be building their kind of Utopia through the latter Nineteenth Century, appeared now as hardly more than a flotsam upon a tide. Something more than the "old men" of shallow prudence and shallow intellect are necessary, if the world is even to become ordered and at peace. And how much more is necessary, if the world is to become noble and joyful and wonderful as it was meant to be!

Thus it has come about that there are many, now, in many countries, who look toward a restored fullness of childhood life as the one sure hope of the world. Because within childhood there emerge all of those human powers which are needed--and which would

suffice--for the building of a happy civilization. Childhood is not littler than adulthood as we know adulthood; rather, it is simply immeasurably wider, deeper and richer. The Philistine adult world, whose concern with childhood, through "education", has been to shape childhood into its own mutilated likeness, has been engaged in a frenzied, if gradual, operation of racial suicide. At one and the same time, across the century gone, the adult world has been destroying forest and grass and soil; and the many-mansioned wild life inherited from the past hundred million years; and the myriad ancient cultures of Asia, of Africa, of Polynesia and Australasia, and of the Americas; and (strangest destruction of all) that magic wilderness of life which rushes to verdure and to bloom within human children.

There will come somewhere, within some branch of the Race, soon or after many intervening changes, a controlling determination to work with and through childhood. When the determination comes, the needed skill will be provided. That will be the beginning of the New World, and that branch of the Race will start a new day not for man alone but for the earth and all its creatures. Can our approach to the childhood of the Indian be even a grooving step toward that highest--in the long run, that only--hope?

.....These thoughts come in thinking of George Wright, concerning whom Robert Marshall writes on page 5 of this issue. It was just a year ago that I first met George Wright. We walked by

moonlight along the black and gleaming lines of palms on a Florida beach. Mrs. Harold L. Ickes was with us. We talked of the Everglades, of the Seminoles, and the wild life of the Everglades. Especially we talked of wild and tame otters, and he gave me a copy of Williamson's perfect book "Tarka the Otter." Wright had achieved much, was a very capable scientist, though in years he was only just out of boyhood. He would have remained an eager and joyous child even into old age. Now he, too, is dead, "gone to earth", gone back wholly into all those things which children love, all those things which are the deathless part of our earth and the hope of man.

JOHN COLLIER,

Commissioner of Indian Affairs

#### COVER DESIGN

The cover design for this issue is a contribution from one of the students of the Sheldon Jackson School in Sitka, Alaska. The design is representative of a Thlinget wolf head.

This design was drawn by Verley Imhoff, a high school senior of that school, and one who has shown a promising talent and exceptional ability along art lines.



GEORGE M. WRIGHT AND ROGER W. TOLL

By Robert Marshall

Chief of Forestry and Grazing, Indian Service

In a most tragic automobile accident, George Wright and Roger Toll of the National Park Service were killed instantly on the highway near Deming, New Mexico, on February 25. Their death brings to their many friends an overpowering sadness. It removes two of the most sincere and effective champions from the causes of wild life conservation and the preservation of outdoor beauty at a time when both of these causes are dreadfully in need of just such men. It brings to the Indian Service the loss of two of the most loyal and helpful cooperators among all the many friendly government officials.

George Wright was Chief of the Wild Life Division of the Park Service. Although only thirty-two years old, he had risen to that position by substantial work and outstandingly original thinking in the field of wild life management. He had commenced his career with the Park Service as a ranger in Yellowstone Park. Later he undertook a survey of wild life conditions in Yellowstone at his own expense. The results of this survey helped to revolutionize thinking in the field of wild life management.

Probably more than any one person, George Wright was responsible for bringing about the healthy change in the general attitude toward the wild life problem which has recently developed. For years the prevalent method of thinking was in terms of the preservation of individual species, often with little reference to their environment. George Wright talked and wrote and demonstrated that all species of wild life, together with the vegetative environment, was a unity, and that there could be no really effective wild life management unless that unity was preserved. As a result, many people have now come to realize that where the natural fauna is to be preserved there is no such thing as undesirable native species and that the trapping or destroying of predators is an upsetting of natural balance.

George Wright was one of the most ardent advocates in the country for the preservation of the primitive outdoor values. Unlike so many primitive advocates, he did not think merely in terms of keeping out roads or preventing lumbering or stopping hunting. He thought in terms of the primitive whole, just as he thought in terms of wild life as a whole. He never tried to justify the primitive in mathematical terms or as a means to an end, but felt it was of superlative importance as an end in itself, for the superlative emotional thrill it was capable of giving to many human beings.

This attitude toward the value of the primitive outdoors has a striking similarity to the present outlook of the Indian Service on the value

of preserving the native Indian culture. It is not a case of comparing in mathematical terms the value of the Indian culture and the value of the dominant American culture. It is simply a case of feeling that there is a richness about the Indian culture which makes it an end in itself without comparison with other values. It was natural, therefore, that the Indian Service always felt in George Wright a sensitive understanding of its policies.

In addition to this spiritual kinship with the Indian Service ideals, George Wright was constantly and specifically helpful. Whenever we called him up for advice on some problem he was patient and kind and stimulating. No one could ever ask for a better friend.

\* \* \* \* \*

Roger Toll had been for five years Superintendent of Yellowstone National Park. At the same time he acted as chief coordinator for the National Park Service in the West. He had previously been Superintendent of the Rocky Mountain National Park and Ranier National Park. He impressed all who met him with his friendly courtesy and his genuine feeling for the outdoors. From a practical standpoint he had for years successfully handled one of the most difficult administrative problems in the whole field of outdoor recreation, that of caring for the throngs of people who visited Yellowstone Park without destroying the natural values which they came to see.

Roger Toll was especially a friend of the Indians through his sympathetic and effective cooperation in the campaign to restore bison and other wild life to several of the reservations. As an example he had shipped some 214 bison and 270 elk from the excess herds of Yellowstone Park to the Crow Reservation in Montana. He took a deep personal interest and devoted a great amount of time in order to be helpful in this project which meant so much to the Indian people. The Indians and the Indian Service will greatly miss the friendship of Roger Toll.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### WHO'S WHO

D'Arcy McNickle, who wrote "Train Time" which appears on page 45 of this issue, is the author of "Surrounded", a book which has received the highest commendation because of the sensitiveness and force with which it presents the story of an Indian boy caught between two civilizations. Mr. McNickle is part Indian and a tribal member, and received his elementary training in an Indian school.

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Mabel and Mario Scacheri are two of the outstanding photographers of Indian life, and have repeatedly donated specimens of their beautiful photographs to INDIANS AT WORK. A picture by Mr. Scacheri appears on page 27 and an article entitled "Bending the Twig, Indian Style" written by Mrs. Scacheri appears on page 28 of this issue.



## YOUTH'S PROBLEMS

By Willard W. Beatty

Director of Indian Education

We have heard a great deal recently in publications of all kinds about the conflicts of modern youth in adjusting to the changing social order. It is seldom noted that Indian youth is faced with still greater conflicts. As a matter of fact, Indian young people must not only adjust themselves to the conflicts within white civilization, but find that white civilization is in even greater conflict with their native culture.

It is no simple thing for Indian young people to decide what to do when they find the customs of the white man is directly opposed to the things which members of their tribe have done for hundreds of years. For instance, with many of our plains tribes, the measures of leadership have for centuries been personal bravery and individual generosity. The culture of the white man has deprived the Indian of all opportunities to display his bravery, and in competition with the profit system of his white neighbors, the Indian's generosity becomes a liability rather than an asset.

If he is to succeed in adjusting to white civilization, he must betray all of the finer feelings which would distinguish him as a member of his own race.

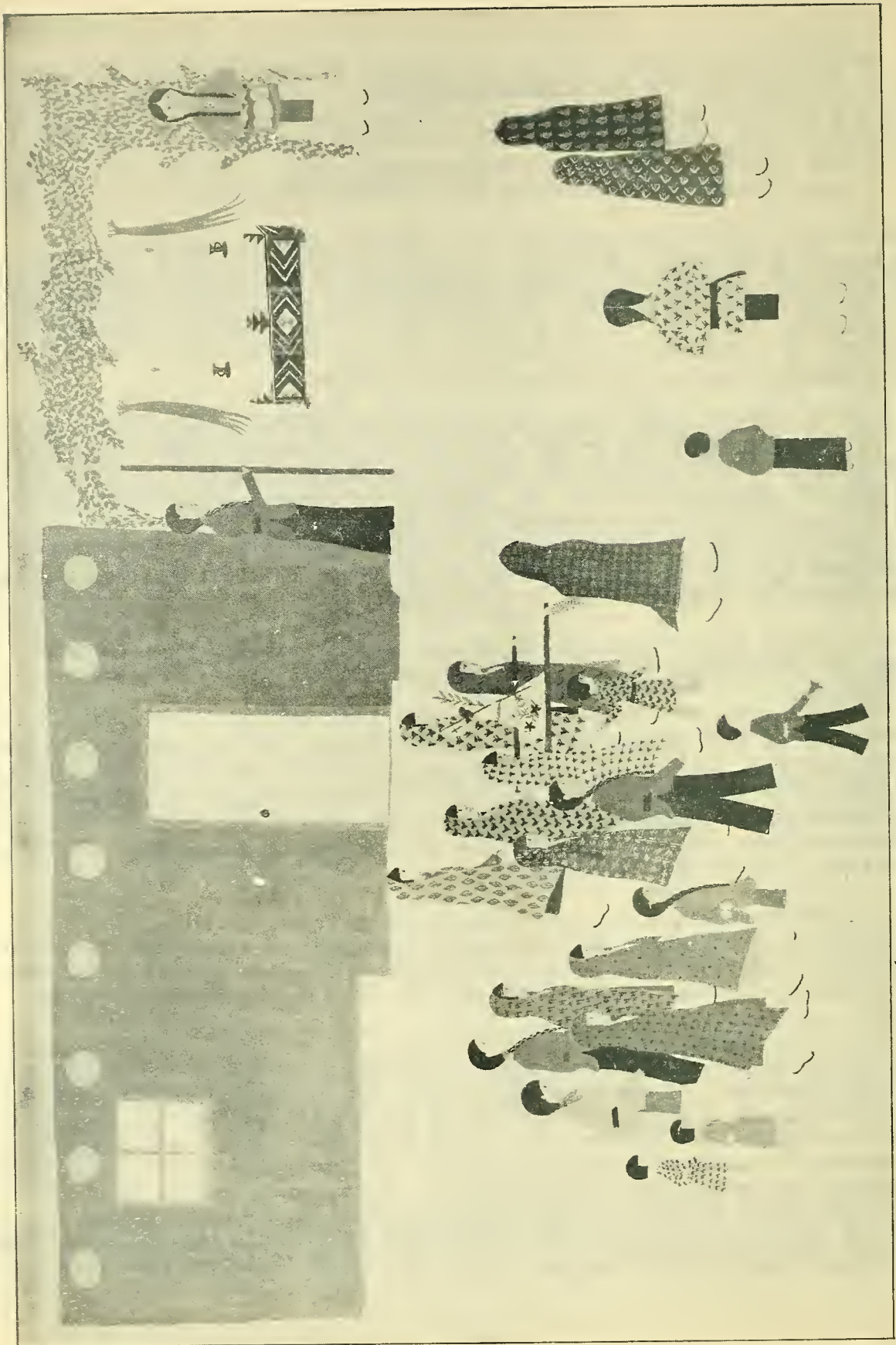
If we turn to some of our southern tribes, we find deeply implanted family traditions guiding marriage and sex relations which differ greatly with the practice of the whites. The dominant race under these circumstances has never hesitated to condemn patterns of conduct which differ from the customs of the white race, thereby breaking down the respect of Indian youth for its parents and its parental controls.

While weakening or destroying existing tribal controls, we have failed to substitute any social pressure to enforce the ideals set up by the white race. Unfortunately, while acting from the highest motives of interest in our Indian neighbors, we have exerted upon them a most destructive influence.

It is not alone Indian youth who have suffered from the destruction of racial patterns. It has been the story of America's contact with almost every minority group which has come to her shores. This, however, does not justify or excuse the practice, for it has produced in many instances a lawless generation owing allegiance to neither the traditions of their race, not the laws of the country of their adoption. It lays upon members of the Indian Service personnel and upon those Indians concerned in the assimilation of their own race into the great body of American citizenship responsibility that some steps be taken intelligently to resolve some of these conflicts.



CARRYING SAN JUAN TO THE ALTAR



By Lorencita Atencio, San Juan  
U.S. Indian School, Santa Fe, New Mexico

AN EDITORIAL FROM THE POCATELLO DAILY TRIBUNE

Last night we were present at the first Boy Scout formal ceremony we have ever attended and we must say that we were impressed. It was a simple ceremony and marked the presentation of the charter and membership cards to the members of the Boy Scout troop of the Presbyterian church. What made the ceremony impressive for us were the few remarks of Leo Roberts, the scout executive. In simple words, Mr. Roberts made scouting take on a new significance for us and gave to us a new understanding of the ideals and purposes of this great organization.

When we came home we picked up a pamphlet containing an address by John Collier which was recently sponsored by the Camp Fire Girls. This address also gave us a new point of view on the work of this and similar organizations by pointing out that modern society has forgotten the importance of the adolescent crisis.

Excerpts from this address, which we believe are worthwhile follow:

"Modern society has delivered this most precious of all the treasures and resources of the race to the keeping and wasting of the commercial amusements, and to the keeping and wasting of a school system whose goal is not fullness of life but college entrance requirements. Hence the Camp Fire Girls.

"That just as there are ingredients of physical food which the body must have, or it becomes deformed or dies, so there are ingredients of psychical food which the mind must have, or it becomes deformed or dies. And if these ingredients be not supplied, whole human societies become deformed, and even die. And our present society, with its rising omnipotence of physical power, is failing at the point of deepest danger. It is not supplying, nor is it even with earnestness trying to supply, that psychical nourishment to its members which they must have if they are to come into their heritage as complete men and women.

"There are Indian tribes which know that adolescence is the God-given, the supreme opportunity; and these tribes built their discipline, their cooperative industry, their adult recreations and their art and their religious ritual, upon the adolescent foundation. Completely devoid of sentimentality as are these Indian peoples, they are moved by passions as deep as the world, and their dominant preoccupations are not centered about individual advantage but about tribal and racial consecrations and hopes. And their earth is our American earth. Their history is our history. Their hope could be our hope. So it was not through any caprice, it was not from romanticism, that the founders wove Indian symbolism and concrete Indian subject-matter into the Camp Fire Girls."



## I SAW A VISION

By Mary Nevada Sourwine - Teacher - in - Charge

Burnhams Day School, Newcomb, New Mexico.

I am a new teacher in charge of an Indian Day School. I was not trained for the Indian Service. For that I am glad. I came into the field with an open and unbiased mind. I had no race prejudice against the Indians, nor had I any mistaken ideals regarding "the noble red man." I had but two previous contacts with Indians. I grew up, so to speak, with two Cherokees; good-looking, intelligent boys who went to the same schools, spoke the same language, and played the same games; quiet boys, high in their classes, popular with their fellows and leaders wherever art was concerned. In high school and college they were two extremely popular young men, whom most white girls were proud to "date." No, I have no color prejudice where Indians are concerned.

My other contact was less ideal, and prevented the formation of any erroneous conception of the Indian as a white man. I attended Reno High School and twice a year our teams would play the Carson Indian School. We expected and usually found, defeat in those games. The Indian team was to us "those big brutes." We were conscious of their superior age, size and their different training. They were different. This was the sum of my experience with Indians. I was not trained for the Indian Service. I am glad. I entered the field with an open and inquiring mind.

I was trained as a teacher and a psychologist. My four years of undergraduate work were divided equally between western and eastern colleges, and I have done practice teaching in the progressive schools of the nation's capital as well as in my own home town. With my Bachelor's Degree I also obtained a teacher's certificate. I was fortunate that summer in having the opportunity to assist in summer school at the Child Research Center - A Rockefeller Foundation in Washington.

Here I was introduced to real experimental teaching - progressive education as it is now called and found it successful, as applied to white children. Another year of college specializing in research on child behavior problems and I received my Master's degree in psychology. The next year I was again fortunate in my contacts. I became an associate psychologist at the Washington Life Adjustment Center, a non-profit organization for the maladjusted but "normal" adult; and assisted at the Child Guidance Clinic. I also worked for a while in conjunction with the Juvenile Proctive Agency and the Mother's Aid Bureau in Washington. I had a few months experience training children with some reading disability. I was, in other words, trained to see maladjustments, to note emotional reactions, and to find the basis for restlessness and obvious malcontent.



Then I entered the Indian Service. I had, as I have stated, no special training for this work. I received little, if any instructions. I was to take charge of Canoncito Day School. Just what "taking charge" of an Indian Day School meant, I had no conception. There was some vague talk of "activities," "teaching the child to live," and of foregoing all formal classes. All of which with no basis to work on, meant practically nothing to me. I was fortunate in being sent to Canoncito. My Indian assistant, Lusiano Platero, and his wife, gave me an introduction to Navajo life that I would not have received at the majority of the day schools. I visited hogans, attended sings and dances, played with the children and took advantage of every opportunity that arose to learn the language and to understand the people better.

I enjoyed the work and was sorry to leave when two months later I was unexpectedly transferred. But I was not imbued with any great admiration for the Indian Service nor, frankly, any desire to continue to participate in its educational pursuits. I saw Indian children - babies - forcibly separated from their parents for life. I say life and mean it, for although the actual period at school was but a few years, the separation, psychologically at least, was for life, since the school training successfully and cruelly broke home ties, killed age-worn traditions and unfitted the child for the life his parents lived. But it produced an "educated Indian."

"Educated?" In general, it seemed, they did not begin to compare with the average high school student of white school. Many of them, even after graduation, could not stand up to an average eighth grader. They generally spoke poor English and wrote more or less atrociously. Their grammar was confused, and their knowledge of literature limited to "pieces" committed to memory in the good old-fashioned manner. Educated girls, returning from school, married older uneducated Indians, and fell back (if I may call it back) into the same pattern of life followed by their ancestors.

They ate the same food prepared in the same way; followed the same routine; endured the same dirt, but with a difference. With a mind and body unfitted by white man's training for red man's life they were not contented as had been those ancestors whose methods they were following. Mothers and fathers complained that their children were worse when they returned from school than they had been before they left.

"Worse", yes - discontented and ill at ease - perhaps in their own homes, since they were so different from the school environment to which they had become accustomed. A trifle skeptical of old customs and old beliefs - untrained in the very things their parents considered fundamental, set back into an environment where the majority of their hard earned new training seemed useless and out of place. "Worse" - yes. Young men, educated in trades or vocations unable to find work in the fields for which they were trained, came back to the land of their forefathers; but not to their peace. Discontented and restless, educated as a white man but not accepted by him, their very education was separating them from their own race and they were "different."

Maladjusted, discontented youth, who, so far as my limited vision could see, had received very little if any benefit from their education - and a great deal of harm. They could speak English badly and read and write to some degree. But why?

Education purely for the sake of education never did appeal to me. To be real education it must become an integral part of life and have a real and practical meaning to the individual. I was then transferred. I had the opportunity to visit other schools. I was placed in charge of another day school - this one well-organized and running smoothly - if conservatively. I was filled with a sense of the uselessness of it all and the complete futility of effort. Exaggerated, yes, certainly; but it must be remembered that I was a new teacher placed in a new environment with little or no preparation. I could see neither rhyme nor reason in the whole system. I could not do justice to my position because I could see no sense and no future in my work. I was disgusted and willing to quit.

Then I saw a vision.

I seemed to see the purpose behind the day school. A purpose intended to remedy the very evils which had so bewildered me. A school system which would not separate families, which would not attempt to forcibly educate the majority above what they needed to live happily and profitably. A school aiming to train in conjunction with everyday life, so that the training would carry on through life and not die with the cessation of formal training. A school organization which would attempt to bring new modes of living to the homes, not to train the children in an isolated "school environment" and then drop them back - unhappily to their same old life. To help adults understand the child's changing ideals by adult participation in community work at the school and in connection with the school. By bridging the chasm formerly caused by educating the child away from home traditions.

Someone has called the "new education" bilingual; may I call the old education bisocial, with little or no connecting link between the old and the new. Life at home was one thing, a very definite well-known pattern passed on from generations before; life at school, boarding school, was another; separate and distinct and unrelated to the home. When one stopped, the other began. There was no welding.

I saw a vision of families united - living their own lives in their own way, learning together the advantages the white man could offer, incorporating the most worthy into their everyday lives - rejecting that which would not be useful - "advancing" without losing their solidarity - happy.

May I have the courage and the insight to be one of those who assist in making this vision a reality.



## PIMA YOUTH

By Ernest Manuel, Pima

Teacher At Salt River Day School, Arizona

In front of a typical Pima home which faces toward the sunrise, an old Indian sat on the ground with his legs crossed in the usual Indian fashion and before him sat a youngster. The boy was probably the son or grandson of the aged man. In the man's face there showed sternness, calmness and marks of earnestness and understanding. As he spoke, using much gesturing, the boy before him sat like a statue, listening and looking in eagerness as the course of life through which he must go was being expounded to him.

Before Caucasian civilization conflicted with Pima life, the youth of the tribe were taught and developed so as to be able to provide needs for a home; build strong healthy bodies so as to become good warriors and to withstand and resist sickness; they were also taught to be religious. Through the course of time, as a boy emerged on to maturity, the father or grandfather closely watched the boy instructing and guiding him toward this ideal.

To the youth of those days it was a great privilege and pride to reach the age where they were permitted to undertake some of the strenuous tasks of manhood. So the majority of boys with much gameness and spirit heeded the advice and instructions of their elders.

In perfect gestures and in a calm, steady, low melodious tone the aged man spoke to the youth who sat before him. "There will be times," the man began, "when you will be asked to do some things which may be against your wishes, and there will be times when certain tasks which you will be asked to do will seem unbearable. The feeling of evading all that trouble may come to you--don't do it. All the tasks that will be intrusted to you to do are for your own good. Never fail to take advantage of what you will be told to do, for it will enable you to exemplify true manhood. If you fail to follow and do what is said, just look at the poor, low, despised characters of our tribe--that is what you will be. The outstanding characters you see in our tribe are those who exerted much effort toward the end we aim to direct and develop in you, and that is the type of character we all want you to be.

"First of all you must never stay in bed after the dawn of day, for that is a trait of laziness, and lazy people never amount to anything. Every morning as soon as you are up from bed, and no matter whether the weather is warm or cold, dash down to the river and take a bath and run back again. Never overstuff your stomach with food, for you will become fat, slow and lazy. Learn to endure hunger. You must thoroughly master the use of the bow and



arrow, for it is the weapon with which you will kill game for your food and it is the weapon with which you will kill your enemies. By watching your elders and by constant practice you will soon use the weapon skillfully. Then, a time will come when you will be sent on errands to other villages which will cover many miles; do it willingly and you will soon become a fast runner for long distances without stopping. The opportunity is yours to become a worthy outstanding figure in the tribe, for which your relatives, your friends and the whole tribe will be proud.

"Along with your physical and other phases of development you must learn the principles of our religion. Always remain true and faithful to our religious beliefs. Be constant with your prayers to the sun and darkness, the great elements which are substantial evidences of the presence and power of the Creator of all things. Above all those mentioned you must in your social contacts make practical use of your religion which is to try to live a helpful, honest, clean moral life."

So thus the aged man concluded his talk to which the boy so earnestly, silently and intently listened.

The youths who attained the height as excellent huntsmen and warriors; as men of sincerity and reverence for religious beliefs; and as efficient providers for necessary family needs--were admired and were taken as models for the coming generation.

The Pimas and all other Indian tribes were called savages by the white race, but savage or civilized, the Pimas lived worthy, useful lives in those ancient days. This is an age of rapid progress; of achievements with the many new complex mechanical devices, government and science; and of all the profound thinkers and of the great movement called Christianity--yet in living a strong, healthy, truly upright, moral life, those Indians termed savages surpassed our present standards of living in many important ways.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### EDUCATIONAL LOANS FOR INDIANS

\$175,000 was appropriated under the Indian Reorganization Act for educational loans to Indians. \$35,000 of this amount was set aside by the appropriation act for use in colleges and universities, and \$140,000 for use in trade and vocational schools. With these funds 399 Indian students have been helped to secure further training; 258 are now enrolled in colleges and 141 are enrolled in trade and vocational schools. While these educational loans are not restricted to any particular vocations, Indian students are encouraged to prepare themselves in fields which will offer direct benefit to their tribes. Ninety-one of these students are studying to be teachers of primary and elementary grades; 17 Home Economics teachers; 25 Social Service Workers; 22 Engineers; 23 Agriculturists; 15 foresters; 38 nurses and others in various trades and professions. As a rule, these students prefer to attend colleges or trade schools as near their homes as possible but there are loan fund students enrolled in the institutions of thirty different states.

## 4-H CLUB WORK AS AN INFLUENCE IN CHARACTER BUILDING

By John T. Montgomery  
Supervisor of Extension Work



Zuni Boy And Club Products

4-H Club Work has long been recognized as an important factor in character development - indeed the chief objective of club work is the building of character. From the very beginning, the prospective member is encouraged to develop responsibility and initiative by making decisions in regard to this work. In the first place, whether he will join a club or not is for him to de-

cide. No one places pressure on the boy or girl to join a club; the matter is purely a voluntary one. The responsibility for the selection of the club project falls upon the prospective member. Thus it may be a garden project, a calf project, a sewing project or any one of a wide field.

The final decision as to project requires investigation of the possible fields of endeavor, the ability to provide the necessary materials with which to work, acceptance of conditions under which the work will be done and an expressed willingness to cooperate with fellow club members in conducting the affairs of the club itself, and, probably most valuable of all, an obligation to complete the proposed project. Most club projects require considerable time for their completion, varying from two to three months a year, or more. The longer continued projects assist materially in developing persistence and require a rather definite amount of time daily which develops punctuality and regularity in performing the tasks connected with the work.

The many things which may happen to a club project assist in developing resourcefulness in the club member. Weather conditions often make it difficult to finish a garden project. The scarcity of feed may require a change of program in feeding a club animal and sudden changes in temperature make housing of animals or protection of the growing crop real problems which the club member must solve for himself.



Other children engaged in similar lines develop a spirit of competition and a desire to do as well as his fellow-members. In succeeding years especially, the club member learns the satisfaction that comes from doing a piece of work well. Honesty and fairness in competition with others is emphasized in club work. The esteem of fellow-workers serves to guide the club member along these lines. Doing the necessary work connected with the project is only part of the job; the club member must learn how best to do things and why they are done in certain ways. This requires study, reading and investigation. It may also require the observance of the efforts of others engaged in similar work.



Shoshone Girls in Their Garden

In many ways the habit of careful thinking is more firmly established and the club member learns to estimate the value of information and how to use it. The club member learns how to live and work with others. He is taught the value of courtesy, forbearance and cooperation. He is working and living with a social group that necessitates his compliance with the standards of that group. At club round-ups and exhibits, he learns to be a square-shooter and to be regardful of the rights of others. He learns to take defeat with the resolve to return to the scene

of defeat better prepared next time. 4-H Club work is exerting a very noticeable effect on the young people of rural communities. It is developing a leadership among the boys and girls in a way that no other agency quite approaches. The colleges, particularly the agricultural colleges notice the club boys and girls who graduate out of the clubs into the colleges.

They have developed resourcefulness and ability to meet people, to carry on their studies independently, and have demonstrated their ability to finish the jobs they undertake. As a group, children of club age are reached in a singularly effective way.

Indian boys and girls have made an enviable record with their 4-H Club Work, and a few figures for the year 1934 will be of interest to show what they have been doing. There was a total membership of 4290 boys and girls. Of these 3128 completed their projects, showing 71.91 per cent completions. This record is on a par with the average of the entire United States and shows very definitely that the Indian boys and girls are taking a place in this activity of which they can well be proud.



## WHERE AND WHAT WILL I BE TEN YEARS FROM NOW?

By E. R. Burton

Director of Indian Employment

Indian youths, wherever we went on recent field trips, were asking themselves that question. The same persistent query is sounded in the hundreds of letters which come to our desks from young men and women who apply for employment or for educational loans. Not simply the immediate advantage of one job over another because it pays more, or the pleasure of continuing in school in preference to "going to work" or remaining at home, are today determining considerations in the minds of many of our young people, but increasingly they are weighing alternative plans in terms of the long run. What will be the wisest trail for me to travel in the long run?

Indian young people, like all other young folks, are faced today with bewildering economic and social changes. These may mean opportunity for worthwhile accomplishment or they may spell failure, according as they are rightly or wrongly understood in relation to one's own interests and abilities. Several elements compose an adequate analysis of each person's problem.

Just what are your interests and abilities? Do you like doing things with others - in athletics, dramatics or at work - or do you prefer being and doing things alone? Have you thought much about the future development of your tribe, your local community or some organization to which you belong? Is it your ambition to be successful in some particular vocation or are you eager to become rich? In your thinking about your future, do you picture a home, a family circle? Do you like working with your hands or tools or machines, making things, or with animals or growing plants or trees, or mainly with ideas and their expression in words, spoken or written, or in pictures or music or other media of beauty? Do you like to read? To study? What subjects? Do you like solving puzzles, discovering causes and effects, or working with numbers? Do most of the persons you meet seem to like you and do you find it easy to make friends and keep them?

Do you enjoy doing difficult or dangerous things? Being trusted with important responsibilities? Making plans for your or others' action? Displaying manual skill? Or mathematical accuracy? Inventing better ways of doing things? Designing things to be made?

Answering honestly such questions will help you to appreciate the resources within you. If you will think of persons you know who are successful in their various occupations and ask yourself and also them about their likes and dislikes, observe along what lines they are especially capable, notice which of the interests or abilities suggested above seem to be lacking

in their make-up, and then compare them with yourself, you may get some clues to your own potentialities.

Now, what are your outside resources, both material and spiritual? You will probably find them near at hand if you look carefully. Unless there are compelling reasons for doing otherwise, you will probably find it wise to plan your career around opportunities in your home community, or close by, rather than elsewhere in some distant state or city where you are unknown. If you are a member of a tribe which has elected to accept the Indian Reorganization Act, how does your tribe's action or its program affect your desires, your opportunities for service to your own people or your personal ambitions? Have you read and studied your tribe's constitution or discussed with anyone that which is now under consideration?

What part do you think you can or should play in the progress which your tribe will make during your generation? If your tribe has rejected the Act, or if you live in a community where it does not apply, somewhat analogous questions, though possibly different answers, are pertinent.

As the material benefits of the Reorganization Act become realities through the creation of cooperative agricultural, live stock, fishing, buying or marketing associations, consumers' cooperative stores, corporations to engage in lumbering, manufacturing, selling or other enterprises, there will be needed on many reservations Indians who are trained and have acquired experience in many vocations not now generally practiced there. Veterinarians, trained agriculturalists, well-drillers, mechanics, skilled building tradesmen, woodsmen and lumber mill workers, stockmen, dairymen, salesmen, office clerks, stenographers, bookkeepers, business managers - these and numerous other varieties of personnel will find local demands for their services.

At first, probably, and perhaps continuously in many communities, such employment will be on a part-time or seasonal basis, necessitating that one be able to combine two or more vocations. In places where the Act does not apply, similar opportunities may exist and new ones arise as the business recovery advances and in years to come.

Do you have, either as your own property, or available for your use, land or live stock or buildings or equipment of any sort, and would its use fit in with your inclinations and abilities? What are now the prevailing types of industry or business in your community? What new ones have been launched there in recent years, and how successful were they? If they failed, what were the causes of their failure? If they are succeeding, will they afford opportunities for your employment along lines which appeal to you? How has your home community (or some other nearby or elsewhere with which you are familiar) been affected by such measures as soil conservation, irrigation projects, better roads or improved transportation facilities, hydro-electric power development, or new discoveries of natural resources, and how may these change the operating methods of present industries or occupations or provide a sound basis for new ones?



One very significant phase of the "trend of the times" must not be overlooked, namely, the increasing realization that social utilization of natural resources and the advances of science - the interests of all instead of the few - requires social planning and social control. Much of the increase in government personnel - a trend which has been very marked for more than thirty years - is attributable to the persistent demand for such planning and control, or for public services, both of research and administration, essential thereto. It is likely that this trend will continue, in local, state, and federal government, accompanied by a wider and more intelligent participation of citizens in the formation and the execution of such plans; without such support, the best laid plans of experts are futile. Social-mindedness, thoughtful, informed concern for the welfare of your community, your tribe, your town, your state, the whole country is one of the marks of competent leadership for which Indian youth of today should prepare themselves quite as much as for earning a living.

Faced with a world of continual change, yet one of hopeful challenge, how shall one become equipped for a lifetime of satisfying usefulness? The first maxim is this: Build on what you have - your interests, your aptitudes, your individual and communal material assets, your spiritual resources. But not narrowly; the broader the base, the firmer, and yet more adaptable the superstructure. The wider the range of interests and aptitudes which you discover and even partly develop, the readier you will be to specialize when you must acquire specific skills or particular bodies of knowledge in order to earn a living. You will know yourself better and can estimate more correctly the relative strength of your varied interests and abilities.

Moreover, you will be in a position to specialize along the line which then gives greatest promise of success, even though another in which you feel that you are more interested must assume second place and become distinctly avocational. And the broader the base of your early preparation, the more versatile you can become, and the more adaptable you will be and ready to meet the dual challenge of change and social need.

In planning your future, in choosing the road you will travel, seek counsel. Confer with parents and with other older persons, with young people who have already gone part of the way, with teachers, with persons your own age who may be fellow-travelers. Ask their help in evaluating your strong and weak points, in estimating the probable opportunities in your community, in selecting wisely the particular courses of instruction or occupational experience which will lead or guide you aright. And as you gather opinions and advice perhaps conflicting, from many sources, form the habit of driving your mind to conclusions, to decisions, remembering that your life is for you to live, and that it does matter tremendously how you live it.



## ECW AND THE YOUTH PROBLEM AS IT AFFECTS INDIANS

By Claude C. Cornwall

ECW District Supervisor, Arizona

In order to evaluate properly the contribution of ECW to the American youth problem as it affects Indians, one must use one's imagination a little. What I mean is that there is no way of estimating just what ECW has meant to Indian youth except to attempt to conceive what would have happened if there had been no ECW.

Thousands of these youngsters are now enrolled in the Indian ECW camps. Hundreds have been advanced from the status of enrollee to the employed personnel. Other hundreds of the enrollees occupy places as leaders and assistant leaders in the conservation work camps. Indian ECW is a picture of an enterprising, going concern.

What a contrast to those dark days in the spring of 1932, before the ECW had commenced. Graduation exercises were being held at the Indian schools. Young men and women were being told in words of glowing oratory, that they were now facing a waiting world, the great world of opportunity; all the usual lingo of the studied commencement speaker. And what a world they faced! They came to the Indian Employment Offices and offered their services. Employment agents were up against it. There were no jobs to be found. For the girls, yes. Household situations are always in demand. But the young men faced an industrial situation which was decreasing its employment daily by hundreds. There were no jobs even for white men, let alone Indians. Indian youth's racial handicap practically eliminated him from the labor opportunity in the white man's world.

On the reservations things were even worse. Indians formerly employed on the outside were returning in large numbers. Agriculture and cattle enterprises were at a low ebb. Private relief agencies had combined their efforts with those of the Indian Service to keep men and women from starving. I am trying to visualize what would have been the condition if the Indian ECW had not come to the rescue.

That period has passed into history. Fortunately, man's memory is so constituted that he forgets the unpleasant. What will be remembered about ECW are the wholesome working conditions at the camps, the structures completed, the opportunities for training in leadership, and the acquiring of skills in the construction arts. It has been a grand job for these young men.

ECW, however, has been more than just a job. In the fine atmosphere of the out-of-doors and under healthy working conditions, Indian youth have

been given a chance to contact real work, and an opportunity to adjust themselves to the working-man's world. They have found out just what it means to do an honorable day's work and to earn their living by their own toil. They have experienced, also, the thrill of seeing completed structures done by their own hands and showing evidence of their own skills. ECW has, of course, not been the only work opportunity for Indian youth. PWA building construction and road building have contributed their part.

In this connection, I wish to mention the building of the Salt River Day School, one of the most outstanding examples of the skill of Indian youth at work. This fine building was completed in its entirety by Indian workmen. The chief trouble with this as a work job, however, was that when this building was finished the employment opportunity was completed. Then ECW came to the rescue and absorbed these young men in the camps at Fort Apache and San Carlos.

So ECW has taken its function as a stop gap, to provide a work opportunity for unemployed Indian youth.

Educational phases of the program have been outstanding. The objective of this educational program has been always to keep it of a practical sort, a "learn to do by doing." And to this end, the largest advantage of the set-up has been that when one had learned a skill or developed an ability, the program itself provided an outlet for its application. Indian youngsters have been trained on the job to do certain tasks. Then when the period of apprenticeship was over, they went to work on the job for which their new education and training had equipped them.

So the ECW has advanced the employment status and given recognition to the abilities of hundreds of Indians who otherwise would, without question, have been overlooked.

Following, in substance, are replies made by agency superintendents to the inquiry, "How many skilled men are now at work in ECW on your reservation, who received a large part of their training as a result of this program?"

Sells. We have developed twenty stone masons, fifteen plasterers and cement finishers, ten form builders, twenty mortar mixers, fifty truck drivers, ten tractor operators, four grader operators, four jackhammer men. And this does not include the sixteen Indians who hold ECW supervisory positions.

Hualapai. Some of our Indians had previously been employed on highway construction jobs. However, the continuous employment in ECW has much improved their skills as machinists. Of those who began as enrolled men and who have been advanced because of their ECW training, we have five tractor operators, six truck drivers, one powderman and one jackhammer man. Most of the enrolled men have received some training and, no doubt, many of them could do the work equally well with those who have been advanced.



Mission. Our formal classes of instruction were the First Aid Course at Soboba Indian Hospital, this being attended by group foremen, assistant sub-foremen and leaders; and the Tractor and Grader School at Sherman, which was attended by four ECW men, each of whom now holds a place as a machine operator.

In addition to the above, project managers and foremen have given the men instructions in the field, in stone masonry, concrete work, form building, seed germination, the handling of dynamite and black powder.

Fort Apache. When ECW first began it was not possible for us to find enough Indians who could be trusted with the responsibility of driving the trucks from the Agency to the camps. White men had to be employed for this work. Now, as a result of the ECW training, every truck driver is an Indian, and each one holds his credentials and chauffeur's license from the State Highway Department. When it is recalled that these men were recruited from a background which hardly knows automobiles, this result is still more interesting.

San Carlos. We have been using the shop as an apprentice school for truck drivers, and as soon as a man shows that he is thoroughly familiar with a machine, he is eligible, when his turn comes, to take a truck. In this way we have trained twenty-eight truck drivers, sixteen of whom are now employed in ECW. In the field we are training machine operators, powdermen, compressor men, stone masons, cooks, chainmen, rodmen or whatever we need. Every man will come out of this ECW knowing how to do many things better than when he enrolled.

### Indian Leadership

To these Indian foremen and sub-foremen has come a new adventure. Not only is it a new experience for Indian foremen and leaders to direct conservation projects being constructed by their own workmen, but a new experience for these Indian workmen, to be so directed by one of their own number. Developing confidence in his own ability to lead has been one of the problems which has confronted each of these Indians appointed to a position of responsibility. And, likewise, the creation of a willingness to work under direction of an Indian foreman, and to accept his leadership, has taxed many a tribesman. This "home rule" relationship has been an interesting development and in many places it is only yet in its transition stages. This is almost a turn-about change. Yet we are pleased to report that on two of our largest ECW reservations the work projects are almost completely Indian directed, the technical engineering and general supervision only, being provided by white men.

### "Conservation" As A Course Of Study

One subject for study which has held prominence throughout the whole ECW program has derived naturally out of the program itself. The resources of



the present Indian holdings and the working out of ways and means by which they may be preserved and developed; this is the ECW educational curriculum. Camp managers, foremen and those in charge of working groups are constantly prodding these Indian youths into a consciousness of their surroundings, in an effort to have them become safety conscious, fire hazard conscious, over-grazing conscious; in other words, to see as they have never seen before, what is going on around them and what their relationship is to it.

Crews of Indian ECW men have been instructed in the methods of fire suppression, and they have already used this knowledge to save acres of timber and grass. Truck trails have opened up and made accessible, forest and range lands, which were heretofore unusable. The coming to know and appreciate the value of these added resources have been ample materials for discussion around the campfire and on the route.

IECW has been interesting; in many of its phases, intensely so. Truck trail building, use of powder and machinery, lookout tower construction, spring development, eradication of poisonous weeds and destructive forest pests, tree planting, building of dams and reservoirs; the very newness and action of it all has been fascinating. So the projects themselves have provided as much of an impetus as has the opportunity for leadership and recognition.

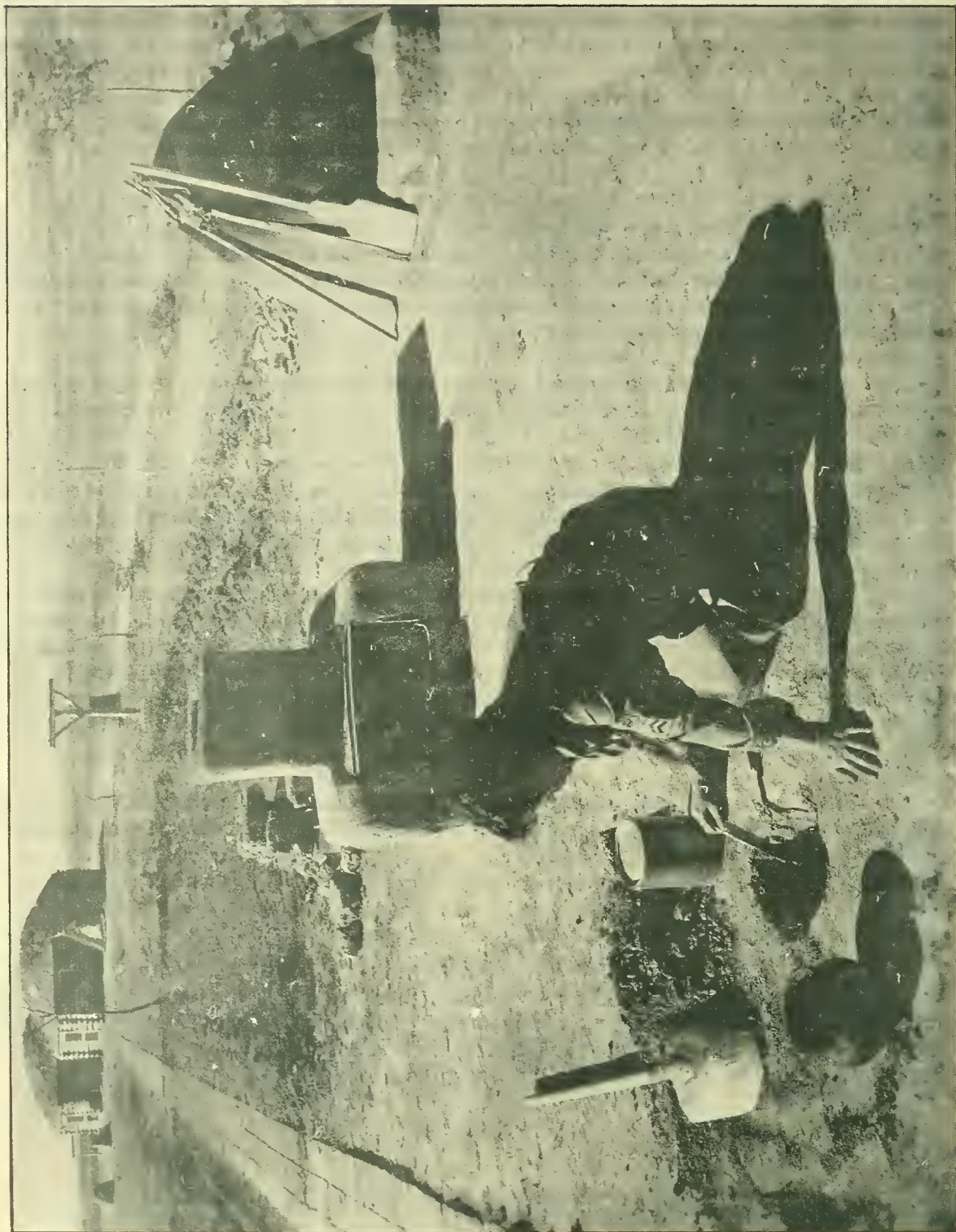
But by far the largest mass change has been one of attitude. On nearly every reservation there has come about a nearly complete reversal from the very low ebb of discouragement, which was attendant when ECW struck at the depths of the depression. There is nothing which is more stimulating to self-confidence and self-respect than a job of honorable work which permits a man, whether he be white or Indian, to earn his own keep. Buoyantly these Indian youths mount their ECW trucks and ride out to the jobs--their jobs.

And, as the jackhammer sputters and the drill steel cuts into the hillside ledge, so the Indian youth, through ECW, is pounding his way up to a new level of culture.

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Correction: INDIANS AT WORK wishes to call attention to an error which occurred in the February 15 issue. The article entitled "The New Flathead Tribal Council" was written by Superintendent Luman W. Shotwell of the Flathead Agency, and not by Mr. C. E. Schaeffer.

GIRL SCOUT OF SANTA FE INDIAN SCHOOL SACAJAWEA TROOP PREPARING A BEAN HOLE





## FOLLOWING SACAJAWEA

By Santana Lovato

Santa Fe Indian School - Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Sacajawea Troop of Girl Scouts was organized at Santa Fe Indian School four years ago. It took its name from Sacajawea, "the Bird Woman," the trailmaker who guided Lewis and Clark into the great northwest. The Girl Scout Handbook says that Sacajawea had no maps to study - she made maps, and roads have been built over her footsteps.

Sacajawea Girl Scout Troop has tried to do other things besides earning badges, and doing Tenderfoot, Second-Class, and First-Class requirements. Last winter the community day school teacher at San Ildefonso Pueblo, about twenty-five miles away, invited the Troop to come out and meet with girls there who wanted to be girl scouts. The Sacajawea Captain and three scouts made regular trips to the pueblo to meet these girls. Four of them passed their Tenderfoot tests and were registered as honorary members of Sacajawea Troop.

At Christmas, 1934, Girl Scouts at school made cookies, macaroons, candy, jelly and preserves to fill holiday boxes for their mothers. This Christmas the Troop prepared food and clothing gifts for children of a needy Spanish-American family living in Santa Fe.

Last spring Sacajawea Troop enjoyed a week-end trip and camped near the ruins of an old Spanish fortress, near Pecos, New Mexico. They made trips from camp to an old well, said to be the oldest in the United States and to the Glorieta battlefield of the Civil War. They also visited the excavated ruin of a pueblo, thought to have been built about 900 A. D.

One of the members of Sacajawea Troop took a troop training course at Camp Mary White, near Roswell, New Mexico, last summer. She became Lieutenant of the Troop in September. Two of the Second-Class Scouts and their Captain helped organize a troop of Spanish-American Girl Scouts at Guadalupe School, in Santa Fe, last fall.

The first First-Class Girl Scout badge to be awarded at Santa Fe Indian School, and one of the first to be won by an Indian Girl Scout anywhere in the southwest, was awarded in December, 1935. It went to a charter member of Sacajawea Troop, whose home is at Santo Domingo Pueblo.

The Girl Scout's motto is "Be Prepared." Scouting prepares a girl to take her place in her home, her school, and her community, wherever she lives. Some of the things Scouting gives the Indian Girl Scout to take to



her people are knowledge of health rules and good sanitation, care of the home and the sick, sewing, first aid and service to her community.

Indian Girl Scouts and their people have much to give to Scouting. A great part of the program is outdoor work. Indian ways of woodcraft, cooking, baking and Indian recipes are used. Girl Scouts all over the world do beadwork, leather work, weaving and making pottery like the Indians.



Santa Fe Indian School Girl Scout Bathing a Baby at San Juan Pueblo

(Girl Scouts earn merit badges by learning and putting into practice principles of infant and child care)



Photograph by Mario Scacheri

## BENDING THE TWIG, INDIAN STYLE

By Mabel De LaMater Scacheri

Perhaps the happiest child in the world is the little North American Indian. For some deep reason, known only to the simple, primitive heart, the Indian father and mother train their children on those psychological principles which only recently the white man has discovered.

Modern psychologists say, "Be slow and gentle with children; suddenness, either mental or physical, will confuse them. Let their life fall into a routine. Let them feel they're part of the family. Let them develop as individuals, and do not repress, but guide, their natural interests."

Nowhere are children more charmingly treated than among the Pueblo Indians, for example. It's rare to hear a little Pueblo cry or to see Pueblo children refusing to obey their parents or quarreling with their playmates. Rarely does a Pueblo Indian strike or punish a child. The little people are polite, gentle and happy. How do the Indian parents accomplish this miracle?

First of all, they are extremely fond of their children. Both men and women, young and old, always have time for the youngsters. The interests of the children are woven smoothly into the routine of the home. If the mother is making pottery, she gives the little girl a piece of clay to work with. Then she never says, "No, no, you are doing it wrong! Make your pot this way." She simply lets the child learn by trial and error and by watching her skilful mother.

When the pots are ready to be fired, a whole host of children show up with ears of blue corn. The firing is done outdoors, without a kiln, by means of a sort of bonfire. After the blaze dies down, the mother always has time to shell the blue corn and rake some of the embers into the sand, so that the children may drop the kernels among the coals and pop them.

Little girls are encouraged to balance on their heads little pots which are cracked or have turned out badly in the firing. If they break the pots, nothing is said. Soon they can bring up water from the river or pump.

Every Pueblo child can dance almost as soon as he can walk. At sundown you often see a Pueblo father, after a long day's work in the fields, pick up a tiny thing, perhaps only three months old, and hold the baby carefully against his breast while he chants a weird Indian song and goes through the steps of a dance. Indian rhythms are thus literally danced into the babies.



When the Pueblo puts on a dance, a tiny tot follows along after it's elders, dressed up in ceremonial clothes just like the grown-ups. They bring up the rear of a long line of dancers, patting out the rhythm with tiny feet in buckskin shoes. Seldom do they err in the tempo, though the detail of the step may be a little vague. But again, no one corrects them or criticizes them. It is assumed that they have their part in the tribal ceremony, that they are doing well. They learn in their own way.

The life of the entire Pueblo is slow and gentle and quiet. The bright sun rises, work in the fields and in the house goes on, there's clay to play with, there are playmates and dogs and cats, and one day is much like another. Adults speak to each other quietly, courteously. An Indian's voice is seldom raised; seldom is he inconsiderate in his speech. These habits are quickly picked up by the children.

There is always a grandfather or aunt or big sister ready to cradle the sleepy child, always an old man singing an ancient song or telling an ancient tale, out in the plaza, in the shade of his house. Sleepy babies swing happily in cradle swings hung from the roof-beams. They are securely tied in, and one good push keeps them swinging for many minutes.

Is it any wonder that Indian children are both happy and good?  
By permission of the Family Circle.



This father, of the Picuris Pueblo, New Mexico, is telling his entranced little daughter some of the old legends and stories of her ancestors. The father is an artist, and his work appears in the mural decorations of the room.

SIoux WARRIORS



By Oscar Howe, Sioux; Joe Creek, South Dakota  
U. S. Indian School, Santa Fe, New Mexico



EXCERPTS FROM REMARKS BY LOUIS C. MUELLER - CHIEF SPECIAL OFFICER  
AT U. S. INDIAN SERVICE EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE

There are employed at present in our Service some 50 officers, who are designated as Special or Deputy Special Officers, according to their rank. The duties of these many men are quite varied in character and scope, but as a whole, cover every offense recognized by law. You probably think of our activities in terms of arrests, convictions, and so forth, and in this you are mistaken. In the case of many of our officers, fully as much time is spent in the field of crime prevention as in the development of cases against offenders. An efficient police department may be compared in some respects to an efficient fire department. The entire fire department does not sit idly by waiting to answer an alarm. They make frequent inspections of places where fires are likely to occur and at the same time order the removal of rubbish and trash from places where their presence may constitute a fire hazard.

At the end of the year, they take pride in pointing to the small fire loss. The accomplishments of an efficient police department should, in some respects, be measured in the same manner. The California State Highway Patrol was found to function more effectively when equipped with snow-white cars which operated, in a large degree, as a factor in crime prevention.

We are, all of us, aware that juvenile delinquency which often develops into crime is very often associated with physical diseases or inferiority and the unfortunate environment of the home or elsewhere and is, in many cases, curable by applications of other than detection and punishment; that is, by physical reconstruction, psychiatric treatment, or treatment of parents, and a change in environment, the creation of a new outlook and other helpful guidances. Some children are hopelessly confirmed as criminals early in life, but they are few. Most of them are capable of reclamation.

There is a belief expressed in some quarters that Indian parents are more inclined than others to indulgence toward their children. Whether or not this is true is immaterial. It may arise from old tribal customs as among the Choctaws, where the boys were placed under the supervision or guidance of their maternal uncle, thus relieving the parents to some degree.

Many of you are responsible for furnishing almost parental guidance and advice to those under your care during their most difficult years, those years when juvenile delinquency is most likely to occur. Those of you connected with the larger Indian schools are, no doubt, confronted with many problems of delinquency or near delinquency during the course of the year. When these cases come to your attention, your first consideration should be in determining whether or not the child is well, both physically and mentally. This is important because it has been well established that most children who do not learn from experience and who do not respond to good environment are either physically or mentally ill. Of course, we realize that in attempting

to discover the causes of the difficulty at hand which may be attributed to a mental or physical illness or to some other disturbance or condition, you may require the services of experts not readily available. This method is, however, the accepted modern approach to the problem of juvenile delinquency.

From my own observation and reports coming to my attention, it would appear that too much stress could not be placed on the course in mental hygiene and pre-parental instruction. It may not be inappropriate to mention that a recent survey disclosed the fact that only one child in ten appearing before juvenile courts had ever seen the inside of a Sunday School. With no intention of attempting to deliver a "DRY" lecture, I would be remiss in my duty if I failed to call your attention to the fact that the majority of our serious reservation crimes among Indians are directly attributable to the use of intoxicants.

The gangster of today is the delinquent of yesterday, the puzzling problem child of the day before. It might be well to remember that those cases in which you fail to detect delinquent tendencies and correct them will undoubtedly contribute to the crime problem of tomorrow. You have a great opportunity to guide and direct as well as instruct and can play a most important part in crime prevention - the prevention of juvenile delinquency.

Solomon said, "Train a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Perhaps we should say, "Train a child in the way he should go, and then go along with him."

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#### FORT HALL INDIANS SPEAK

Early this month, the Indians of the Fort Hall Reservation through the Fort Hall Business Council arranged for meetings with the law enforcement authorities of Pocatello and Blackfeet and Bannock and Bingham Counties for the purpose of cooperating and reaching a better understanding about the suppression of liquor among Indians of the Fort Hall Reservation.

Mr. Tom Cosgrove, one of the outstanding Indian men of this reservation, requested the Superintendent to invite a number of the leading Indians to attend a meeting of the Fort Hall Business Council on January 7th in order that this important subject might be discussed. As a result of this request on the part of Mr. Cosgrove, a meeting was arranged between the authorities of Pocatello and Bannock County on January 8th. A similar meeting was arranged for at Blackfeet and Bingham County on January 9th.

Their statements follow:

Charley Peterson, Chairman of the Tribal Council:

My dear white friends of Pocatello. We are meeting here this afternoon to discuss the liquor problems which are affecting our young people and



causing them to neglect high ideals of true Americanism. I, as Chairman of the Fort Hall Tribal Business Council, and Superintendent Gross request you, the law enforcement officers and other officials and citizens of this city, to help us correct this situation.

I feel there is a neglect of our duties to have such problems confront our young people. I am an Indian. I know very little of the white man's law, but you as white men know the laws and how to enforce them. We, the Fort Hall Indians are anxious to cooperate with you to suppress the liquor traffic among the Indians of the Fort Hall Reservation. This is all I have to say.

Judge Charley Bell:

My friends, I am a judge of the Fort Hall Indian Court. When an Indian is found guilty of drunkenness and is tried in the Indian Court, I use my best judgment and sentence the offender. But after the Indian serves his sentence the same story is repeated, because here is the place where the whiskey flows from. I am glad that we are going to work together to stop every stream of this "crazy water." The requirements of the law must be adhered to and strictly enforced. I feel that the sale of liquor to Indians can be stopped. My friends, this is all I wish to say.

Judge Tea Pokibro:

My dear white friends, we have come together this afternoon to talk about liquor problems. I am an old man and I have never received an education. This is the first opportunity I have had to meet with you, in a courthouse to discuss important problems concerning the welfare of my race. I am glad for this privilege of meeting with you, who are leading citizens of the city of Pocatello.

Our young people are becoming degraded by drinking liquor. We do not want that. We want our young Indians to be educated, to disregard the things that are evil, the things that will pull them down to lower levels. I ask of you to help my people to become better citizens and real Americans to your city and our country. It hurts me deeply to sentence one of my young Indians for drunkenness, but being a Judge, it is my duty to do so. It is my desire to see the Indians as good citizens and to avoid liquor. The only way to accomplish this is to work together in this important matter, and I can assure you that it makes me very happy to know that the law enforcement officials and other leading citizens of Pocatello are willing to cooperate with the Indians to bring about the fulfillment of our wishes in this great problem.

R. W. Dixey, President of the Advisory Council and President of the Fort Hall Stockmen's Association:

Gentlemen; you have seen the picture of the liquor traffic among Indians as presented by the foregoing speakers. The main source of whiskey is in the city of Pocatello. We want you officers to stop the sale of liquor to Indians. What little comes out on the reservation can be taken care of by our Indian Police Department.

Garfield Pocatello:

My friends, I am glad to be here this afternoon to discuss liquor problems with you. Years ago when the Government made treaties with the Indians, it was against the law to sell liquor to the Indians. In those days the Indians did not have knowledge of liquor. They would go to town and come home sober and they were happy. But now when the Indians go to town the white men sell them liquor which leads to misconduct. We ask you to help stop all liquor sales to Indians. You officers must help in every possible way.

Chief John Ballard:

My friends, I feel as the rest of the speakers do. I am happy to be here to discuss the whiskey problem. We older Indians of the Fort Hall Reservation, representing our people, are telling you the truth of what is happening to our young people of today. We feel that you as officials of this city and of the State of Idaho will be able to help us in what we are desirous of accomplishing. We Indians think a great deal of our young generation as you do. It hurts our hearts to see or hear of our young Indians being thrown in jails for intoxication.

We older Indians wonder where they get their liquor, whether they purchase it in liquor stores or are the saloons open? How do they get it? We have observed that when drinking occurs in a happy home, to a good salary earner, a good respectable person, there is unhappiness, disregard of home and family. The home has become broken. You have raised your children and have educated them; they are taught to earn their livelihood; they are properly clothed and fed. That is the way we want our children to be. I plead to you to help. I am glad that now we are going to work together. I hope you people will take this to your hearts what we have been telling you and help us. This is all I have to say.

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### THE BIG DIPPER

(How it came to be in the Sky)

Once there were seven sisters who, one night as they lay gazing upwards, started to talk about the stars. There was a belief among the people of the tribe that the stars could hear what anyone said. The girls knew about this but kept on with their conversation about the stars.

An old man hearing them came and warned them that it was not safe to talk so. One sister continued her talk saying, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could go up there." The other sisters, of course, wished the same thing. Finally they grew tired and fell asleep. When they awoke, they were surprised to find themselves in a strange land.

It wasn't until later that they realized they had gotten their wish. Paiute Legend, Florence Willis - Reprinted from the Phoenix Redskin, Arizona.



## THE CHUCKCHEE CHILDREN

By Julia Krenova

It so happened that years ago I was appointed as the Russian government's first woman teacher in the far northeast of Siberia.

To me the three years lived on that Arctic coast were a revelation. By some magic the North, with its primitiveness, opens one's inner sight to the true values in life. My first impression of the North as a whole was the realization of beauty. My impulse was to hug by some gigantic gesture, the entire Arctic world of the deep purple and lemon-yellow sea-ice; the tall, perfectly built people clad in ochre-tinted garments, their cozy fur tents with oil lamps - producing the effect of footlights - and carry them for an hour to Paris, and there let the Chuckchees dance their quaint rhythms, chant their wierd guttural incantations, to make the most fastidious and sophisticated Europeans gasp in admiration and wonder.

The settlement was on a narrow spit of land protruding into the Arctic waters and forming a lagoon. In the summertime poppies and forget-me-nots were exuberant on the tundra-covered hills. The ocean was often as calm as a lake, and the half-naked, bead-adorned, laughing children skipped flat pebbles on its placid surface. I remember the incomparable peace of it all - the overflowing joyful peace!



The people were astounding: They had poise and dignity combined with the utmost sincerity and truthfulness, deep logical judgment, humor, courage and determination and the kindest consideration for others. In the Chuckchees these traits were the result of the harmony of their inherent beliefs and traditions, which gave them a perfect balance. They had no contact with the outside world save through a few traders. Some other native tribes, I happened to find out later, were lacking in the joy of life. This always occurs to those primitive people who have partly abandoned their old customs and creed, without having fully acquired the new standards.

For example; when ill they summon both the priest and the shaman, though they have confidence in neither. The Chuckchees knew no duality. They lived happily. Their knowledge of what was useful or harmful had been accumulated for generations, and any new conception had to undergo a severe test before it was accepted.

A Chuckchee Drawing

Nowadays we do not take primitiveness sufficiently seriously: We are accustomed to think of it as synonymous with childishness and even savagery. It is not so. Life in the Arctic requires a great deal of wisdom, but the conditions are different from ours and must be met differently. The Chuckchees' introspectiveness and powers of observation are surprising; their social organization is complicated; their traditions and ethics are of a high order, and their etiquette refined and elaborate. Spiritually they possess that which we strive vainly to acquire.

The Chuckchees' children are their greatest treasure; the more of them in the family, the better. Contrary to the Chinese attitude in this matter, girls are as welcome as boys. The children were taught at school only what would enlarge their mental horizon; no unnecessary superficial knowledge was introduced. The Chuckchees had an unshaken love and respect for their own mode of living, and did not care to imitate or introduce anything which ethnologically would be incongruous or conflicting. There were families whose tent foundations were not of the ordinary driftwood, but of expensive American lumber. These families could afford to spend a thousand dollars for the purchase of an imported whaleboat, but they had a marvelous discrimination with regard to harmless and harmful foreign things - those which would be ethnologically suitable and those which would affect the health and serenity.

The Chuckchee children always meet with the greatest consideration, never capricious. As the children came from healthy, well-balanced parents, they were naturally well-balanced also. Unlimited kindness never spoiled a Chuckchee child, it only made it unselfish. And this is how the Chuckchees explained it: The adults in the family do everything for the child; it is natural therefore that the child should wish to do everything for the adults. The child knows nothing but kindness, so it practices nothing but kindness. With the Chuckchees this is an axiom.

The desires of children always meet with the greatest consideration, and nothing is denied them. The making of toys is just as important a matter as the repairing of a sleigh or the making of hunting implements. Figures of animals, realistic or symbolic, carved with great care in walrus tusk are made by the male members of the family, usually by the grandfather, as he is not engaged in hunting.

Children are never punished or reprimanded; a fact commented upon by Nordenskiöld, an Arctic explorer who visited the Chuckchee peninsula in 1875. He says: "The children are neither chastised nor scolded. They are, however, the best behaved I have ever seen. Their behavior in the tent is equal to the best brought up European child in the parlor."

None of the children developed an inferiority complex, neither were any harmfully mischievous; they all had a peculiar innate discipline of mind, a certain tact, which prevented them from going beyond the limit and made them willingly acknowledge the authority of adults. They were very lively, as all



healthy children should be, but I never saw them argue or talk back, much less quarrel or fight. Their desire for knowledge was remarkable; even the tots would beg their parents to let them go to school, and were allowed to do so.

Learning could not possibly have been limited to the regular school hours. After having taken their meal and played outdoors the children would return to the schoolroom to practice on the blackboard, or to finish reading an interesting book. Even a problem in arithmetic seemed to them real fun. They delighted also in geography and nature study, and enjoyed the numerous botanical and zoological pictures which I was fortunate enough to have.

In the spring of the year, when the Chuckchees would do their hunting at nights (nights as luminous as days) some of the older boys would be out all night and yet attend school in the morning. Kym-Yr-Gyn, twelve years of age, was a wonderful shot and an accomplished hunter. The boy was greatly admired and encouraged by the older folks of the village. They often made him display his skill at target shooting. One day in the classroom Kym-Yr-Gyn was so tired from seal hunting that his head dropped down on the desk and he fell asleep. I asked the children not to disturb him. After he had a short rest he awoke full of indignation; how could they have let him sleep and miss the explanation! So I repeated the lesson for him.

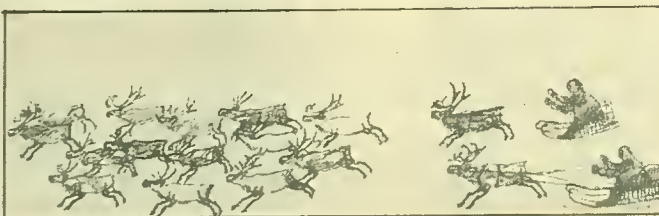
Kym-Yr-Gyn had never learned how to draw, yet the sketches he made were striking. He also had a gift for dramatic dancing. Often in the afternoons the children danced and sang in the large hall of the schoolhouse. Dancing was Kym-Yr-Gyn's passion. He abandoned himself completely to this art.



Drawings by KYM-YR-GYN,

A Twelve Year Old

Chuckchee Boy



Panel I



IN THE DAYS OF THE ANCIENTS

Murals Made by Artists in a Social Studies Class at Santa Fe Indian School





## FOLLOWING AN ANCIENT INDIAN TRAIL

By William Bramlett

Santa Fe Indian School, Santa Fe, New Mexico

Whether in Iroquois records of wampum or bark, in Maya glyphs, southwest pictographs in stone, or in skin paintings of the plains, the Indian has recorded his knowledge and the doings of his society in pictures.

Mural painting, too, is something Indians did a long time ago. Witness the murals on the walls of a council room unearthed at Kuaua, some fifty miles from Santa Fe. Twenty-seven layers of mural paintings were found on the walls of that kiva when archaeologists dug into it a few months ago. A ruin for so many years that no one knows how many, Kuaua was a thriving pueblo when Conquistadore Coronado made it his headquarters in the 1540's. Scientists say that some of the painting found may have been done two or three centuries before Columbus set sail to discover a new world.

Four years ago a group of adult Indian artists decorated the dining room walls at the Santa Fe School with murals. Indian throughout in subject, and painted in the Indian style, this work is perhaps unsurpassed by anything else of its kind ever done. Certainly a great deal of wonder and admiration was excited by it and thousands of people have come to see it.

So, when last year a group of high school pupils at Santa Fe Indian School painted a panoramic cultural history of their race on the walls of their classroom, they merely followed the best of Indian tradition and practice. They expressed important truths that should be recorded, graphically, with superb artistry.

### Indian Contributions to World Culture

The project started with discussions in a social studies class on culture the Indian race had before the white man came, and what contributions the race has made to the progress of mankind. It is scarcely recognized by the world in general what the Indian has contributed to the culture of his fellow men. For one thing, between thirty and forty of the world's important food plants, fibers, gums and drugs were first domesticated and improved by Indians. More than half the annual value of farm crops raised in the United States comes from Indian developed plants.

Animals domesticated by Indians include the turkey, llama, alpaca, cavy or guinea pig, muscovy duck and the curassow. The first white explorers found the original Americans keeping bees in hives for honey and wax and raising cochineal bugs for the red dye their bodies yield.

The birch bark canoe and the snowshoe, invaluable to the early explorer and later the trader and trapper, were products of Indian ingenuity. The hammock, the toboggan sled, and the tobacco pipe were unknown outside of America until after Columbus. A common style of adobe architecture followed in the southwest came from the Indian pueblo. The game of lacrosse as played today is an old Indian sport, with few variations.

According to a story told by Benjamin Franklin, commissioners of the colony of Virginia, in 1744, offered to take six Indian boys and educate them at William and Mary College. This offer the Indian elders courteously declined. They explained that several of their young people had at one time gone away to be educated in some of the northern provinces, but when they came back they were unable to run, hunt, fight, withstand hardship, speak the Indian language, or live the Indian life. In brief, they were unfit as hunters, warriors or councilors and were totally good for nothing.

"We are, however, not the less obliged by your kind offer," the Indians said, so Franklin tells, "though we decline accepting it, and to show our grateful sense of it, if the gentlemen of Virginia will send us a dozen of their sons we will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know and make men of them."

That there was merit in the old Indian way of education is recognized in the training that millions of Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls and Woodcraft Leaguers receive. Members of these organizations study Indian lore, Indian handicrafts, Indian woodcraft and in camps try to live like the Indians.

One ethnologist, J. B. N. Hewett, found considerable circumstantial evidence to show that makers of the Constitution for our United States borrowed the idea of a democratic state confederation from the Iroquois League. Certainly this type of government was unknown in Europe at the time when that marvelous documentary framework for a nation was constructed.

Cultural contributions which the Indian has made to the world have been so many and of such quality that any people might well be proud of them. A very noted Swedish anthropologist, Erland Nordenskiöld, who has made a thorough study of the matter, says, "....I think that we must admit that the Indians' contribution--as discoverers and inventors --to the cultural progress of mankind is considerable. It may even surpass that of the Teutonic people during the era preceding the discovery of America."

#### Art Teacher Dissolves Problem

With such wealth of material to illustrate, it was a problem to choose what to put in, and what to leave out. Also, mural paintings, on which a number of artists combine present technical difficulties in proportion and color harmony. Here the school's teacher of painting and design, Miss Dorothy Dunn, volunteered her services. Under her skilled directions the whole matter straightened out immediately.



Panel II



THE RED AND THE WHITE RACE MEET

Murals Made By Artists in a Social Studies Class At Santa Fe Indian School



"Why not limit the area included to the United States," Miss Dunn suggested. "Make the whole thing symbolic. Show a dozen or so Indian agricultural plants valuable in the United States, and let them stand for the rest. Show Sacajawea and let her stand for Indian guides and trails. Let Sequoyah represent the literary contributions. Carry this symbolizing idea throughout."

Following this advice, high spots were taken from Indian cultural history, and members of the class selected to portray them as he or she chose. Each of the wall panels on which the pictures could go was twenty-nine feet long and three and one-half feet wide. This space was measured, apportioned to the artists and the work began.

### Pictures Tell Connected Story

It was decided to show on the first of the three walls that Indians of America in the old days lived by hunting, fishing and agriculture. Important among the cultural contributions which these people made to mankind are many agricultural plants. Some of these plants are sunflower (Jerusalem artichoke), tobacco, chili peppers, lima and kidney beans, maize, agave (century plant), "Irish" potato, sweet potato and the goober or peanut. Among inventions which these people made was the birch bark canoe; they domesticated animals, among them the turkey; and they made maple sugar and syrup.

The second wall was to tell of the meeting of the red race with the white. White men sailed across the ocean and discovered America. After the discoverers came armed men, and men with Bibles. Indians taught white men how to cultivate New World crops. Indians and whites made treaties and agreements over hunting and farming lands. Sequoyah, who could neither read nor write in any other language, invented a system of writing for his native Cherokee. Sacajawea, a young Shoshone, guided Lewis and Clark into the great northwest. Moving in Conestoga wagons (the name comes from a tribe of Indians who lived in the Conestoga Valley of Pennsylvania) white settlers went farther and farther into the west.

The third wall was to represent Indian life today. Although a great industrialized civilization has grown up around the Indians, most of them follow agriculture for a livelihood. Domesticated animals have taken the place of the wild buffalo, antelope, fish and other game. Arts and crafts are important in their lives.

### How the Work Was Done

In making the murals each artist first made a small sketch of the thing he was portraying and took it to the art teacher for suggestions and criticism. Here, again, Miss Dunn's help was invaluable. The accepted sketch was then enlarged on sheets of paper to approximately the size it was to occupy. After this sketch was approved the artist put a charcoal outline on the wall, and filled in the color.



The work was done at various odd times - evenings, Saturday mornings, after other school units had been finished. At any time during the day when other work was done, a pupil was free to climb upon a table and put in a few strokes on his painting.

One Navajo artist became so interested in his scene that on a Saturday afternoon he came to the classroom alone to finish it, bringing with him his own paint brushes and his portable radio. Taking off his shirt he painted, uninterrupted, until the scene was complete.

The whole class showed much interest throughout the process of making the pictures. The composition color and general worth of each unit as completed called for considerable good-natured comment from the sidelines, showing that thinking was going on.

As the project developed, it resolved itself into a thoroughly co-operative unit between the academic and the art departments of the school, with results as beneficial and gratifying to one as to the other. It was infinitely richer to both because this was so.

### The Artists

Twelve student artists, ranging in age from 14 to 20 years, shared in the actual painting of the frieze. They were Woodrow Ball, Klamath; Felice Cheremiah, Laguna Pueblo; Andy Tsihnahjinnie, Navajo; Narcisco Abeyta, Navajo; Teofilo Tafoya, Santa Clara Pueblo; Dan Quiver, Sioux; Emiliano Yepa, Jemez Pueblo; Allen Houser, Apache (Oklahoma); Cecil Dick, Cherokee (Oklahoma); William Sarracino, Acoma Pueblo; Bennie Manzanares, San Juan Pueblo; and Tonita Lujan, Taos Pueblo.

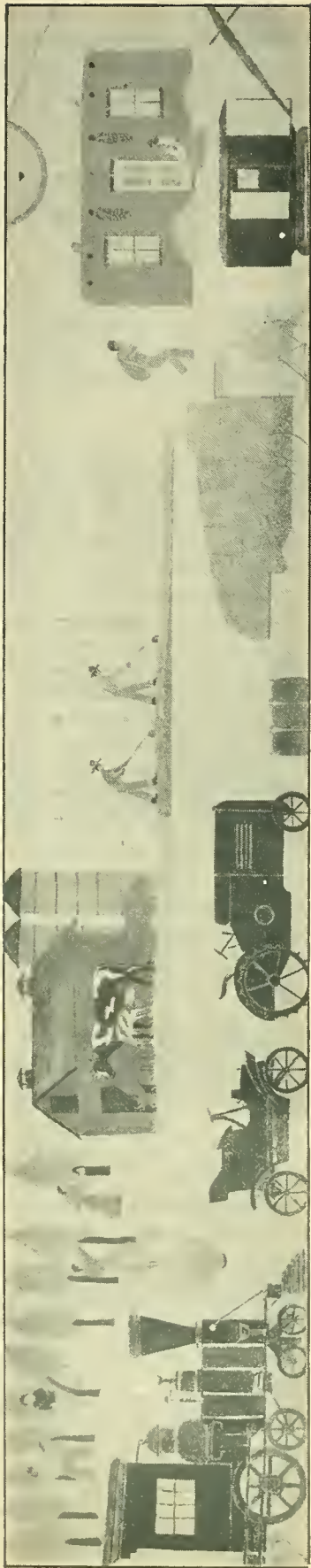
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### A GREAT TRADITION

Recently there came into this Office not only the pictures of these murals and their accompanying article, but a series of beautiful paintings from the art school of Santa Fe, of which Miss Dorothy Dunn is the sympathetic and gifted teacher.

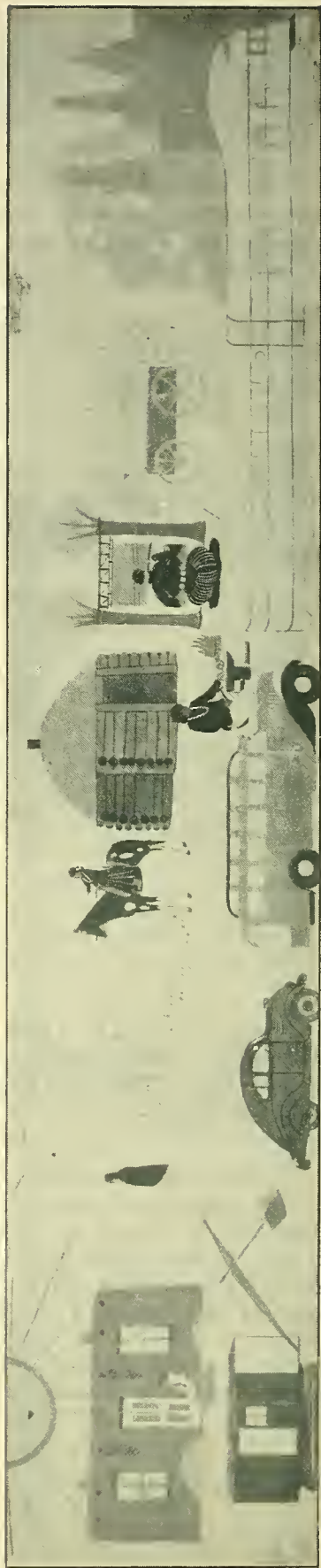
Some of these pictures are reproduced in this issue. The pictures were painted by young people from the northwest to the southwest, from the Plains Indians to those of Oklahoma. Clear as light these pictures showed that the old flame which had made a great Indian culture was not dead; that it needed only opportunity to flame forth again in beauty not derivative from white culture but based firmly upon the Indians' heritage.

Panel III



INDIAN LIFE TODAY

Murals Made by Artists in a Social Studies Class at Santa Fe Indian School





## TRAIN TIME

By D'Arcy McNickle

On the depot platform everybody stood waiting, listening. The train has just whistled, somebody said. They stood listening and gazing eastward, where railroad tracks and creek emerged together from a tree-choked canyon.

Twenty-five boys, five girls, Major Miles - all stood waiting and gazing eastward. Was it true that the train had whistled?

"That was no train!" a boy's voice complained.

"It was a steer bellowing."

"It was the train!"

Girls crowded backward against the station building, heads hanging, tears starting; boys pushed forward to the edge of the platform. An older boy with a voice already turning heavy stepped off the weather shredded boardwalk and stood wide-legged in the middle of the track. He was the doubter. He had heard no train.

Major Miles boomed. "You! What's your name? Get back here! Want to get killed! All of you, stand back!"

The Major strode about, soldier-like, and waved commands. He was exasperated. He was tired. A man driving cattle through timber had it easy, he was thinking. An animal trainer had no idea of trouble. Let anyone try corralling twenty-thirty Indian kids, dragging them out of hiding places, getting them away from relatives and together in one place, then holding them, without tying them, until train time! Even now, at the last moment, when his worries were almost over, they were trying to get themselves killed!

Major Miles was a man of conscience. Whatever he did, he did earnestly. On this hot end-of-summer day he perspired and frowned and wore his soldier bearing. He removed his hat from his wet brow and thoughtfully passed his hand from the hair line backward. Words tumbled about in his mind. Somehow, he realized, he had to vivify the moment. These children were about to go out from the Reservation and get a new start. Life would change. They ought to realize it, somehow--

"Boys - and girls--" there were five girls he remembered. He had got them all lined up against the building, safely away from the edge of the platform. The air was stifling with end-of-summer heat. It was time to say something, never mind the heat. Yes, he would have to make the moment real. He stood soldier-like and thought that.

"Boys and girls--" The train whistled, dully, but unmistakably. Then it repeated more clearly. The rails came to life, something was running through them and making them sing.

Just then the Major's eye fell upon little Eneas and his sure voice faltered. He knew about little Eneas. Most of the boys and girls were mere names; he had seen them around the Agency with their parents, or had caught sight of them scurrying behind tepees and barns when he visited their homes. But little Eneas he knew. With him before his eyes, he paused.

He remembered so clearly the winter day, six months ago, when he first saw Eneas. It was the boy's grandfather, Michel Lamartine, he had gone to see. Michel had contracted to cut wood for the Agency but had not started work. The Major had gone to discover why not.

It was the coldest day of the winter, late in February, and the cabin, sheltered as it was among the pine and cottonwood of a creek bottom, was shot through by frosty drafts. There was wood all about them, Lamartine was a woodcutter besides, yet there was no wood in the house. The fire in the flat-topped cast-iron stove burned weakly. The reason was apparent. The Major had but to look at the bed where Lamartine lay, twisted and shrunken by rheumatism. Only his black eyes burned with life. He tried to wave a hand as the Major entered.

"You see how I am!" the gesture indicated. Then a nerve-strung voice faltered. "We have it bad here. My old woman, she's not much good."

Clearly she wasn't, not for woodchopping. She sat close by the fire, trying with good natured grin to lift her ponderous body from a low seated rocking chair. The Major had to motion her back to her ease. She breathed with asthmatic roar. Woodchopping was not within her range. With only a squaw's hatchet to work with, she could scarcely have come within striking distance of a stick of wood. Two blows, if she had struck them, might have put a stop to her laboring heart.

"You see how it is," Lamartine's eyes flashed.

The Major saw clearly. Sitting there in the frosty cabin, he pondered their plight and at the same time wondered if he would get away without coming down with pneumonia. A stream of wind seemed to be hitting him in the back of the neck. Of course, there was nothing to do. One saw too many such situations. If one undertook to provide sustenance out of one's own pocket there would be no end to the demands. Government salaries were small, resources were limited. He could do no more than shake his head sadly, offer some vague hope, some small sympathy. He would have to get away at once.

Then a hand fumbled at the door; it opened. After a moment's struggle, little Eneas appeared, staggering under a full armload of pine limbs hacked into short lengths. The boy was no taller than an axe handle, his nose was running, and he had a croupy cough. He dropped the wood into the empty box near the old woman's chair, then straightened himself.



A soft chuckling came from the bed. Lamartine was full of pride. "A good boy, that. He keeps the old folks warm."

Something about the boy made the Major forget his determination to depart. Perhaps it was his wordlessness, his uncomplaining wordlessness. Or possibly it was his loyalty to the old people. Something drew his eyes to the boy and set him to thinking. Eneas was handing sticks of wood to the old woman and she was feeding them into the stove. When the fire box was full a good part of the boy's armload was gone. He would have to cut more, and more, to keep the old people warm.

The Major heard himself saying suddenly: "Sonny, show me your woodpile. Let's cut a lot of wood for the old folks."

It happened just like that, inexplicably. He went even farther. Not only did he cut enough wood to last through several days, but when he had finished he put the boy in the Agency car and drove him to town, five miles there and back. Against his own principles, he bought a week's store of groceries, and excused himself by telling the boy, as they drove homeward, "Your grandfather won't be able to get to town for a few days yet. Tell him to come see me when he gets well."

That was the beginning of the Major's interest in Eneas. He had decided that day that he would help the boy in any way possible, because he was a boy of quality. You would be shirking your duty if you failed to recognize and to help a boy of his sort. The only question was, how to help?

When he saw the boy again, some weeks later, his mind saw the problem clearly. "Eneas," he said, "I'm going to help you. I'll see that the old folks are taken care of, so you won't have to think about them. Maybe the old man won't have rheumatism next year, anyhow. If he does, I'll find a family where he and the old lady can move in and be looked after. Don't worry about them. Just think about yourself and what I'm going to do for you. Eneas, when it comes school time, I'm going to send you away. How do you like that?" The Major smiled at his own happy idea.

There was silence. No shy smiling, no look of gratitude, only silence. Probably he had not understood.

"You understand, Eneas? Your grandparents will be taken care of. You'll go away and learn things. You'll go on a train."

The boy looked here and there and scratched at the ground with his foot. "Why do I have to go away?"

"You don't have to, Eneas. Nobody will make you. I thought you'd like to. I thought--" The Major paused, confused.

"You won't make me go away, will you?" There was fear in the voice, tears threatened.

"Why, no Eneas. If you don't want to go. I thought--"

The Major dropped the subject. He didn't see the boy again through spring and summer, but he thought of him. In fact, he couldn't forget the picture he had of him that first day. He couldn't forget either that he wanted to help him. Whether the boy understood what was good for him or not, he meant to see to it that the right thing was done. And that was why, when he made up a quota of children to be sent to the school in Oregon, the name of Eneas Lamartine was included. The Major did not discuss it with him again but he set the wheels in motion. The boy would go with the others. In time to come, he would understand. Possibly he would be grateful.

Thirty children were included in the quota, and of them all Eneas was the only one the Major had actual knowledge of, the only one in whom he was personally interested. With each of them, it was true, he had had difficulties. None had wanted to go. They said they "liked it at home," or they were "afraid" to go away, or they would "get sick" in a strange country; and the parents were no help. They too were frightened and uneasy. It was a tiresome, hard kind of duty, but the Major knew what was required of him and never hesitated. The difference was, that in the cases of all these others, the problem was routine. He met it, and passed over it. But in the case of Eneas, he was bothered. He wanted to make clear what this moment of going away meant. It was a breaking away from fear and doubt and ignorance. Here began the new. Mark it, remember it.

His eyes lingered on Eneas. There he stood, drooping, his nose running as on that first day, his stockings coming down, his jacket in need of buttons. But under that shabbiness, the Major knew, was real quality. There was a boy who, with the right help, would blossom and grow strong. It was important that he should not go away hurt and resentful.

The Major called back his straying thoughts and cleared his throat. The moment was important.

"Boys and girls--"

The train was pounding near. Already it had emerged from the canyon and momentarily the headlong flying locomotive loomed blacker and larger. A white plume flew upward - Whoo-oo, whoo-oo.

The Major realized in sudden sharp remorse that he had waited too long. The vital moment had come, and he had paused, looked for words, and lost it. The roar of rolling steel was upon them.

Lifting his voice in desperate haste, his eyes fastened on Eneas, he bellowed: "Boys and girls - be good--"

That was all anyone heard.



## FROM IECW REPORTS

Work Despite Cold At Cheyenne River (South Dakota.) Because of snowfall and blizzards during the week, most of the time was spent in keeping the trail open leading into camp, as the men are moving their families. The reservoir was surveyed and toe staked this week. Clearing was also begun on the site and flooded area. The weather has never been warmer than 10 degrees below zero during the past two weeks, and this has hindered the men moving into camp and also slowed the progress on the preparation of the site. Leon P. Poitras, Senior Foreman.

Varied Activities At Mescalero (New Mexico.) The snowfall has again afforded time for burning of brushes. All the brushes have been burned except larger poles which are still too green to burn. These will be hauled away as soon as the ground thaws out. We have come to another week-end with a good hard week of work. We got along fine with every man doing his part in making the weekly accomplishment possible.

Surroundings have been kept in good order and clean. Musicians have given us a noisy evening. Reading magazines, papers, writing letters have fulfilled the recreational hours. J. A. Montoya.

The field work is greatly hindered at this time and only a few hours of rooting is permitted. The rooter, bulldozers and graders are progressing in spite of the frost.

We hope that our machines will be spared from further breakdowns. The powder boys are continually blasting and doing fine work.

Safety meetings held by the camp members is a benefit to the men. They have shown to have been more cautious in their work. Our foreman pointed out different dangerous ways of working that may be avoided..

Amusement this week consisted of playing dominoes and various card games. Singing by the different tribes plays an important part. Usually one tent is filled to carry out this amusement and proves very entertaining to the new and old crew. Indications of yells and whoops proves that it is being enjoyed. Ashley Guydelkon.

President's Birthday Dance At Consolidated Chippewa (Minnesota.) The Roosevelt Birthday dance given by the enrollees was a huge success even though the cold weather compelled many of our neighbors to stay home. We made a profit which was forwarded to the Warm Springs Foundation. Basket ball has had a great play these cold nights. First Aid and "Safety First" meetings were held Monday evening and a large crowd attended. Charles J. Evans.

Discussion On Preservation Of Wild Life At Flathead (Montana.) Various problems pertaining to the preservation of wild life were discussed by the Jocko Camp members at our educational meeting Tuesday night

of this week. Desire to protect the abuse of deer, beaver and fish at certain seasons of the year was expressed by all present. Although the Indians enjoy and desire to hunt and fish as they please, still they all agreed that laws should be set up on the reservation restricting hunting and fishing at the time of the year when protection is needed for this game. Stocking of various streams and lakes with fish and screen protectors at all ditch headgates were also discussed at the meeting. Eugene Maillet.

Timber Stand Improvement At Keshena (Wisconsin.) The cultural project was started last week in a stand of white pine, fifteen to twenty years of age. The work is of a release cutting nature, in which the inferior species such as white birch and aspen are cut so as to make more space for the growing pine. Twelve acres were covered by the crews last week. Walter Ridlington.

Work On Jetties At Pierre (South Dakota.) We started off as usual on Monday morning on our regular schedule on filling jetty 133-17B, but was soon tied up with the high winds and drifting snow. We broke trails and tried to keep our roads open that day and the next but the increasing wind and intense cold made everybody agree that the best thing to do was to lay off until better weather. The wind continues to blow at a high rate and the mercury is around 25 below. I visited the camps of the ECW employees each day and they all had fuel and their comforts are the best that can be made under the circumstances. S. J. Wood.

Spring Maintenance And Trail Betterment At Northern Navajo (New Mexico.) The repairing of this old

spring job necessitated digging up over 500 feet of pipe. This pipe trench was on an average of 5 feet deep. Due to the cold and the necessity of working in water it has taken longer to do this work. The men seem to be satisfied and are all willing to do their best under the circumstances. We are having quite a time with our cement work, as we must be very careful not to let it freeze. We have had one man keeping fires around our cement work all night long and think this has helped a whole lot. Paul Lorenzino, Foreman.

Hopi (Arizona) Reports. We are still making fine progress.

We had a delegation of chiefs from the village on top of the mesa, pay us a visit this week. They asked us to space our dynamite blasts farther apart. The concussion from closely spaced shots has a tendency to rock some of the older houses. They said that they hesitated to come because we might think they did not want the trail built and assured us it was merely on account of the houses. Emory Sekaquaptewa.

Completed Reservoir At Leupp (Arizona.) Finished reservoir today. Have it twelve feet deep and 200 by 200 feet square. Ripped spillways and also made seven silt traps. This reservoir opened up some new country and the Indians are figuring on moving in and building Hogans as soon as possible. A. L. Draper.

Everyone Busy At Yakima (Washington.) Our entire enrolled personnel amounts to 19 men. They are stationed at the various camps working on the compilation of the Timber Cruise data of the past summer, repairing trucks and heavy equipment, continuing on the Vessey Springs Truck Trail



south to the boundary, a small amount of graveling and grading and arranging camps in preparation for the work of the coming season.

It is expected that the five persons located at Signal Peak will soon be snowed in, but due to the exceptional facilities of that camp they seem to be not a bit worried. A goodly supply of food, magazines, a portable radio, warm cabins all make for a nice comfortable time.

Also the newly installed radio-phones will keep them in touch with headquarters at Toppenish as this agency is expecting the above mentioned method to be the main artery of communication. G. W. St. Mitchell.

Religious Meetings Twice A Week At Cheyenne and Arapahoe (Oklahoma.) The missionary is with us Wednesday nights and Sunday nights with prayer and song services. In these particular services the young people as well as the older ones actively take part, thereby gaining spiritual knowledge from the illustrative talks by the missionary. Singing is in English and also in native tongue. The evenings are spent in reading magazines and other reading material furnished by the missionary. The men play games of dominoes so there is not much room for idleness at this work camp. Don B. Wolf.

Completion Of Worthwhile Project At Eastern Navajo (New Mexico.) A crew of men were started to work last Tuesday building the bridge across the Smiley Wash on the Mariano Truck Trail which will practically finish that trail, which in the estimation of us local residents is one of the greatest and most impor-

tant jobs ever done on the Eastern Navajo jurisdiction, as it not only gave our poor needy people work which will help tide them through the winter, but it puts us closer to Gallup, which is our principal market, so many of us will be able to trade where prices are better and should cut freight rates at the trading stores. Then the engineering is such as anyone should be proud of, especially up the mountain on the north slope which originally was a very poor saddle horse trail and now is a good automobile road. John Neil.

Forest Stand Improvement At Winnebago (Nebraska.) In spite of sub-zero weather, snow and high winds our men carried on with their cultural work. A crew of 40 men covered 65 acres of cut over land. Most of this area had grown up with a dense covering of young copice and seedlings of Post Oak, Black Jack Oak, Scrub Oak, Hickory and Elm. All of these trees will be valuable for posts within a few years. This young growth is being thinned out so that the remaining trees will grow straight and a little more rapidly than heretofore.

In view of the adverse weather conditions under which the men work, the morale remains on a marvelously high level. They tramp around all day in 18 inches of snow, often walking long distances to the timber because the trucks cannot get through the snow drifts.

Quality rather than quantity of production is being stressed. When it is felt that quality is attained, the next urge is for quantity. R. W. Hellwig.



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